

## QUEER RAMAPO MOUNTAINEERS.

Pure American Stock Which Shows Absolutely No Change in Years.

PEOPLE "SOT" IN THEIR WAYS.

Tenaciously Stick to Old Traditions And Refuse to Adopt New Fangled Notions.

Special Correspondence.

Suffern, N. Y., Oct. 5.—There be those fond of enlarging on the virtues of the pure old American stock of this country who lament the advent upon our sacred shores of ever increasing herds of foreigners.

Well, I have been spending some weeks in the Ramapo mountain region. There folk of the same blood, pure American, have married and intermarried and lived and made love and sinned and died for centuries. In the old graveyards upon level mountain side spots are ancient tombstones whose names, nearly obliterated by time, are the same as those borne today by Ramapo men and women. At night in the southeastern sky the electric lights from New York city cast a pinkish orange glow upon the roofs and sides of these people's homes. They themselves are not so much electric life as was in their ancestors who fought in the Revolution. I am sure those Revolutionary ancestors were not nearly as "sot in their ways" as these their descendants.

An American type of physique has been evolved among them, and it is gaunt, long limbed and tawny. The women seem seldom to wear anything but a long, free, noble stride and get over the ground rapidly under loads that it would stagger a well fed city broker to lift. All mountain folk walk well and limberly. One old girl I saw is eighty-three years old. She has a little farm and lives upon it alone. She keeps a cow and grows "karden truck" more than enough for her own wants. She also raises poultry and finds time besides to tend beds and clumps of beautiful old fashioned flowers. Her face is tawny and as wrinkled as a cold roast potato, yet she is straight as an arrow and the eyes looking out from under her sunbonnet are bright and resolute.

The women work harder than the men. This is partly because there is not much for the men to do; at least they think there is not. Thirty years ago the hill folk were busy at paying industries. There were two trades especially, hand basket making and the manufacturing. The mountain streams furnished unrivaled water power, and dotted along them were mills where steel was made into files by hundreds of men who got their good living.

Then again women, boys and girls and frequently men, too, peeled great ribbons from the wood of mountain trees and wove them together with deft fingers into splat baskets of excellent durability. Slightly and artistic baskets they were, too, stained with the colored juices of mountain plants. These useful and pretty baskets were made by the thousands and carried in great bunches that looked like huge bouquets upon the backs of their artillerists to be sold. Everybody willing to work could get work, and those were the palmy days of the Ramapos.

Seeing what a good thing the basket making industry was, great capitalists came and bought the ash and hickory wood and peeled it into strips and wove it into baskets by machines that turned out more finished product in a day than a whole family of mountaineers could do in a year. Their occupation was taken from them. A few old women still make baskets occasionally and still sell them, but they do this more from habit than because of profit to themselves. Now and then you still see an aged woman peddling baskets.

The like thing overtook the file mak-

## AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY

So Thinks At Least One Traveling Man.

I would as soon think of starting out without my mileage books and grip as to start out on a trip without a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in my valise, said a traveling man who represented a St. Louis hardware house. Why? Because I have to put up at all kinds of hotels and boarding houses. I have to eat good, bad and indifferent food at all hours of the day and night and I don't believe any man's stomach will stand that sort of thing without protest, anyway I know mine won't. It has to have something to break the fall and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the crutch I fall back on.

My friends often "josh" me about it, tell me I'm an easy mark for patent medicine fakery, that advertised medicines are humbugs, etc., but I notice that they are nearly always complaining of their aches and pains and poor digestion, while I can stand most any old kind of fare and feel good and ready for my work when it needs me, and I believe I owe my good digestion and sound health to the daily, regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, year in and year out, and all the "joshing" in the world will never convince me to the contrary.

I used to have heartburn about three times a day and a headache about three or four times a week and after standing for this for four or five years I began to look around for a crutch and found it when my doctor told me the best investment I could make would be a fifty cent box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and I have invented about fifty cents a month for them ever since and when I stop to think that that is what I spend every day for cigars, I feel like shaking hands with myself for I can keep my stomach and digestion in first class order for fifty cents a month. I don't care for any better life insurance.

My druggist tells me they are the most popular of all stomach medicines, and that they have maintained their popularity and success because they do as advertised. They bring results, and results are what count in patent medicine as much as in selling barbwire.

Huge factories that could make the tools for cheaper and under less labor than the mountaineers took the industry out of their hands and left the file makers stranded before they knew what struck them. Being unused Americans of the pure stock, set in their habits of thought, they could not or would not change with the times.

The men seem to have drifted into shiftlessness and tumble down ways. Aspiring young men and women flee to the cities as soon as they are old enough. Comparatively few young people remain in the fastnesses of the Ramapos. The homes of the people partook of the general decline. Roofs leaked, houses were left unpainted and with boards rotting and dropping off year by year. Woods grew untrimmed, orchards were left untrimmed and their product waxed smaller, sourer, knottier, year by year. The population has diminished and the shattered stores and shops and empty houses are a feature of a region once alive with activity and prosperity.

At the same time the pioneer habit of drinking whisky has been handed down with the pioneer blood and names. As in most places that have little intercourse with the world at large—places whose inhabitants have nothing to talk and think of except little local personalities—events in the Ramapos get out of all proportion. Men quarrel and fight over things that those with a larger viewpoint would laugh at. This must be the reason—this and the whisky drinking—why there are feuds among native Americans in mountain folk. In any case, there are in the Ramapos, as in the Blue Ridge, feuds that are fought out when the fuders are full of whisky.

When the former gainful industries for men declined, however, the women still found as much to do as ever. They rear poultry, they pick huckleberries on the mountain sides in summer, and they and their children sell these and some of the native vegetables for the town markets. Within the past few years the summer boarders have invaded this forsaken region, on account of the glorious mountain air and prospect.

The women do their little best for the boarders, and if they had proper help and backing from their men they might add considerably to their income from this source. But the houses in many cases lack the commonest conveniences of civilized life. The women have had to try to induce her husband to drive a well on the home premises before she got it. Another family has car-

ried all the water for cooking and drinking from a neighbor's well for a generation because the old man has been too indolent and shiftless to dig a well or build a cistern. Water for washing purposes is to this day carried from a brook down a hill behind the house.

Cranky, erratic and queer, "queer as Dick's hatband," are some of the characters developed in the Ramapos. Two brothers lived as neighbors for 29 years, yet in all that time they never spoke to each other. They, too, had quarreled over some fool thing. One man I saw several times was the owner of a fine horse which he had not taken out of his stable in 12 years, some said. Others said he had had it out twice in the 12 years. His reason for thus keeping the animal that regularly eats its head off annually is one of the unsolved mysteries of the Ramapos.

Another Ramapote is a hermit, an elderly man who has lived alone in a tumble down gray black old house for many years. He has turned up all the furniture, the house for fuel, they say, being too lazy to cut wood. He takes sometimes fits of what he calls "spirituality." Once in the midst of a church entertainment he was seized of one. He threw himself upon the floor as if in convulsions, rolled over and over the full length of the aisle, then sprang up, dashed to the pulpit, snatched the Bible and shrieked: "The devil's in this house!"

## SALT LAKE'S MODERN FURNITURE STORE.

To the observer who has watched carefully the upbuilding of this city and the advent of New Mercantile Establishments there is nothing more strikingly noticeable than the progress made by the Greenwald Furniture Co.

Commencing little more than a year ago in a building 58 feet by 90 feet, the advance has been phenomenal. The never failing policy of honest and courteous treatment of customers, combined with strict, modern business principles have brought this store by leaps and bounds to the foremost ranks of Utah's Retail Furniture Store.

In March of this year, the company was incorporated, with H. A. Lippis, president, Carl S. Schmidt, vice president, J. A. Greenwald, secretary, and Fred Strouse, treasurer.

Under the able management of these gentlemen who are thoroughly conversant with every detail of the business, the buying and handling of their wares are conducted in the most economical and systematic manner. Thereby offering every advantage in favor of their customers.

The first quarters have long been inadequate to conveniently serve the demands of the steadily increasing trade, and the past week has seen the removal from the old quarters to the new building, especially for them, at 33-35 West Third South.

Now with three floors and basement of a building 68 feet 100 feet. The new management will be better able to attend the needs of their patrons in the manner they desire.

Although it will be two or three weeks before everything is in perfect order, the regular business is being carried on. When all arrangements are complete and the enormous stock placed in position, it will be with an increased stock of furnishings and a Monument of Enterprise of which every Salt Laker should feel proud.

## SALISBURY'S WELSH DESCENT.

In the Transactions of the Cymrodorion Society, 1902, a letter, written in Welsh by Dr. Morris, Clynog, to Sir William Cecil (1557) is reproduced. The letter appears in the course of an article on "Welsh Catholics on the Continent," written by Mr. Llewellyn Williams, M. A., to whom permission was granted by the late Marquis to photograph the document. Mr. Williams, amongst other questions, discusses the question: Why did Dr. Morris write to Sir William Cecil in Welsh?

Everyone knows that Cecil was of Welsh descent. His father, Richard Cecil, who married the daughter of William Hookington of Bourne, in Lincolnshire, was the son of David Sittit of Stanford, in the same county, by his wife, Jane Walcott of Valecote. David Sittit was the third son of Richard Sittit of Alltynryd, Glamorganshire, by his wife, Margaret, the eldest daughter of Thomas Vaughan of Tylegas, Brecon. Sir William Cecil's grandfather, therefore, was a full blooded Welshman, and the Welsh descent of Englishman it may well be that his son, Richard, who was a page at the court of Henry VIII, knew Welsh. But it is likely that Sir William Cecil knew Welsh? It is strange that Dr. Morris should not have mentioned this fact, and as he knew Sir William Cecil personally this affords some ground for supposing that the Marquis was acquainted with his grandfather's native tongue.

## BOERS FOR MEXICO.

Many of Oom Paul's People Will Settle in the State of Tamaulipas.

HAVE A LARGE TRACT OF LAND.

Wholesale Colonization Planned by General Joubert—Will Pay No Taxes for Years.

Special Correspondence.

Ciudad Victoria, Mexico, Sept. 22.—Some of Oom Paul's people will start on another "trek" when 300 Boer families are brought from South Africa by January to settle on a large tract of land in the state of Tamaulipas, of which this city is the capital. Negotiations have been closed for the purchase of 100,000 acres, which are to be used in providing homes for the self exiled Boers. The land lies about a hundred miles from the Texas border and was selected from a tract of 1,000,000 acres, on the balance of which the former citizens of the Transvaal Republic have an option. If the Boers prove successful in the new country it is probable that more land will be purchased and many more families transported within the next year.

The idea of colonizing the Boers in Mexico was conceived by General G. D. Joubert, a nephew of the famous General Joubert of the Boer army; General Dewet and other Boer officers. Former Senator Marion Butler of North Carolina, who represents a gold mining company, arranged for the sale of the land bought from his company by General Joubert. Captain W. S. O'Donnell and the committee have 12 years in which to pay it. The Mexican government has agreed to exempt the Boers from all taxes for five years. All household goods, agricultural implements, etc., of the settlers will be allowed to enter without payment of duty, bounties will be given for all special crops and everything done to encourage immigration.

The first settlers will be furnished with 2,000 cattle and 1,000 horses, they to select from the vast numbers in the possession of the mining company. The Mexican government is delighted with the coming of the Boers, and General Joubert and Senator Butler called on President Diaz and explained to him what they had done and proposed to do, and he secured his endorsement of the project after listening for a time, interrupted by a characteristic remark. He said: "I have a great country full of gold, but no teeth to crack them."

General Joubert is very democratic and has a great fondness for the Boers. He is 5 feet 10 inches, and he weighs about 150 pounds. Apparently he is about 40 years of age, and his expression is one of great determination. General Joubert's father was one of the first Boer officers captured by the British in 1880, and he and his brothers in the army. These brothers were neither killed nor maimed. General Joubert was taken prisoner three months before the surrender of the Boer forces. He expresses himself as having great hopes for permanent settlement of his people in Mexico.

If things turn out as General Joubert expects 1,000 families, he says, will be in Mexico within a year. These are not the usual class of immigrants, but are people of a new class in search of homes in a new country, and capable of any amount of hard work and application in the development of their holdings.

General Joubert is a nephew of the future home of the Boers, is bounded on the north by Texas, from which it is separated by the Rio Grande. The population in the northwest it is bounded by Coahuila, on the west by Nuevo Leon and San Luis Potosi, and on the south by the Gulf of Mexico. Its area is 32,225 square miles. The coast is low and fringed with lagoons and separated from the rest of the country by a range of hills and mountains. Tamaulipas is said to be the richest state in Mexico, and two thirds of its population are of the Boer race. The soil is free from malaria, is generally fertile. Most of the arable, fruit and woods of the temperate and torrid zones are included in the vegetable products. Cattle, horses, mules, sheep and goats are reared. A considerable trade both in them and in other articles is carried on. Iron, silver and salt are the chief minerals. The population in 1900 was 235,948.

General Joubert says the colonization of the Boers in Mexico is the result of the late war and due to the existing hatred against the English. When the colony is established the Boers will recognize the sovereignty of the Mexican government. It was originally their intention to locate the Boers in the state of Chihuahua, but owing to the high price of land and the fact that the Boer officers could not support what was wanted they moved on to Mexico.

## THE SHREWD AUTHOR.

There is rather funny story concerning Elliott Flower, the author of "The King is He Who Gets the Most," which, as we are informed, has the endorsement of the Hon. Grover Cleveland. As Mr. Flower himself says he is "not so poor a business man as my family and friends usually make me out to be."

"A friend was jollying me about 'The Spoilsman.'"

"Why don't you send me a copy?" he asked.

"Why don't you buy one?" I demanded.

"I want an autograph copy," said he.

"You get the book, and I'll give you the autograph," said I.

"Thereupon a bright idea came to him, and he bought a copy of the book, and gave up good money for a copy of his own book."

"I'll buy one if you will," said he.

"Come on," said I.

"I took him by the arm, and led him gently to a book shop, where we each bought a copy."

"Well, it's a good joke, anyway," said my friend, and he went about telling people that he had made Flower buy a copy of his own book. When he brought it to me for my autograph, I wrote in it: "Mr. Elliott Flower, author of 'The King is He Who Gets the Most,' has passed it on to him with his compliments." This passed for such a good joke that a fellow who was present at the time remarked: "By George! I'll go right out and buy a copy myself, if you'll write that same thing in it for me."

"I'll sell you this copy," said I, producing the one I had just bought.

Thereupon the man who had forced me to buy the copy looked at me reproachfully and somewhat disgustingly.

"You ought not to waste your time writing books," he said. "If your publisher knows his business he'll put you on the road selling them."

## GRIM INVENTION.

A German professor has invented a process of silver-plating dead bodies so as to convert them into the metallic image of the individuals as they were when in life. Gold plate can be used if the relatives of the deceased are poor. The expense of silver-plating a body is \$250. There are probably few relatives who would deem themselves justified in surrendering the deceased's estate on such a memorial.

## SWISS GUARDS MUST GO.

With the energy that he has displayed throughout his colonial career, the pope has begun some important reforms, especially in the administration of Vatican finances, which involve greatly to reduce the expenses of the Holy See.

The first inkling the employees of the Vatican had of the spirit of economy or reduction of the fees usually granted to the clerical staff of the pope, came only the several military guards of the servants of the Vatican, received 600 francs monthly, and only in a greatly diminished proportion from the

usage established for centuries. The Swiss Guards, as well as the Swiss and the gendarmes, received only two-thirds of what they expected, and there was much grumbling in consequence.

The climax was reached when the pope expressed his intention of doing away entirely with the Swiss guards in the near future, not only because of his dislike for ornamental display, but especially for reasons of economy. If his intentions on this point are carried out, the Vatican will see the disappearance of one of its most ancient institutions. The uniforms especially designed by Raphael, at the command of Julius II, who established the guards in the Vatican in imitation of the hundred Swiss bodyguard of the kings of France.

They were recruited exclusively from natives of Switzerland, and only the best-looking men from the several cantons were chosen. Their pay averaged about \$8 a month and kept, and taking the salaries of their officers into consideration, the Vatican finances will be much benefited by the suppression of the pay of nearly 100 men.—New York World.

## CURIOSITY GRATIFIED.

"Colonel," the long-nosed man remarked, "you mind tell me how you made your money?"

"Not at all," replied the affable stranger, who was visiting friends in the village, "I made it by dealing in green goods."

"Green goods? Great Scott!" gasped the other. "Buyin' or sellin' 'em?"

"Selling 'em," said the stranger. "Let me tell you, I never heard of the like! You own right up to it, do you mean ever?"

"Certainly. What's the use of trying to hide it? You'd find it out sooner or later, anyway. Somebody would be sure to tell you."

"Where did you operate? In New York?"

"No. Down in Georgia. I've got a watermelon farm down there, sir."

The long-nosed man gasped once or twice again, but said nothing further.—Chicago Tribune.

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## LOS ANGELES EXCURSIONS.

October 9th to 18th Inc. Via Oregon Short Line. Round trip from Salt Lake via Ogden both ways, \$44.50. Going via Ogden and returning via Portland or vice versa, \$58.00. Equally low rates from other Short Line points. Final limit Nov. 30.

## Do You Want To Yawn?

Feel cold shiverings, aching in the bones, lack of energy, headache, and great depression? These symptoms may be followed by violent headache, high fever, extreme nervousness, a condition known as malaria. Herbine cures it. Take it before the disease gets a fair hold. Herbine will cure a cure in any stage. J. A. Hopkins, Manchester, Kan., writes: "I have used your great medicine, Herbine, for several years. There is nothing better for malaria, chills and fever, headache, biliousness, and for a blood-purifying tonic, there is nothing as good." 50c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

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## SAN FRANCISCO EXCURSIONS.

October 9th to 18th Inc. Via Oregon Short Line. Round trip from Salt Lake via Ogden \$31.50. Going via Ogden, returning via Portland or vice versa \$45.00. Proportionately low rates from other Short Line points. Final limit Nov. 30.

## THE KING IS HE WHO GETS THE MOST.

If this game is played out of doors, a large bowl or basketful of small pebbles will do; indoors a tin of small white beans or peanuts would answer. This bowl is placed at an equal distance from the equally-distant participants. There is a captain on each side. He or she says: "The king is he who gets the most. One, two, three. At that the opposite captives run to the bowl, grasp as many pebbles or beans as he can in one hand, and dashes back to his place. Then the next two in the become captives, and do the same. After all have tried a count is taken, and those who have the most all go upon one side. There may be fewer on that side, but they ought to be the best equipped, though they may not be at the second try. At this point the strength of the two parties is decided.

## CURIOS SUPERSTITION.

A correspondent of the Field mentions a curious superstition respecting bees dying on the death of their owner. "I have been," he writes, "to the sale of the effects of a gentleman who died about a fortnight since. In the catalogue three stocks of bees were entered for sale, but when the man went to move them out they were all dead. This is the third time I have personally known such an occurrence."

## BEGGAR'S MONKEY BANK.

A French professional beggar, who went about with a monkey, appeared in considerable wealth the creature died, and had it stuffed. He has been found dead with this effigy clasped in his arms. Inside the skin was a sum of \$1,200, with a note saying that the dead man was afraid of burglars, and feigned poverty to conceal his wealth.

## KILL THE DANDRUFF GERM.

Modern science has discovered that dandruff is caused by a germ that digs up the scalp in scales, as it burrows down to the roots of the hair, where it destroys the hair's vitality, causing falling hair, and ultimately baldness. After Prof. Unna, of Hamburg, Germany, discovered the dandruff germ, all efforts to find a remedy failed until the great laboratory of Dr. Herpin was made, which resulted in Newbro's Herpinide. It alone of all other hair preparations kills the dandruff germ. Without dandruff, the hair grows luxuriantly. Destroy the cause, you remove the effect. Send for leading druggists. Send for stamps for sample to The Herpinide Co., Detroit, Mich. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

## CHRONIC SORES.

Signs of Polluted Blood.

There is nothing so repulsive looking and disgusting as an old sore. You worry over it till the brain grows weary and work with it until the patience is exhausted, and the very sight of the old festering, sickly looking place makes you irritable, despondent and desperate.

A chronic sore is the very best evidence that your blood is in an unhealthy and impoverished condition, that your constitution is breaking down under the effects of some serious disorder. The taking of strong medicines, like mercury or potash, will sometimes so pollute and vitiate the blood and impair the general system that the merest scratch or bruise results in obstinate non-healing sores of the most offensive character.

Often an inherited taint breaks out in frightful eating sores upon the limbs or face in old age or middle life. Whenever a sore refuses to heal the blood is always at fault, and, while antiseptic washes, salves, soaps and powders can do much to keep down the inflammation and cleanse the sore, it will never heal permanently till the blood itself has been purified and the deadly germs and poisons destroyed, and with S. S. S. this can be accomplished—the polluted blood is purified and invigorated, and when rich, pure blood is again circulating freely throughout the body the flesh around the old sore begins to take on a natural color, the discharge of matter ceases and the place heals over.

S. S. S. is both a blood purifier and tonic that puts your blood in order and at the same time tones up the system and builds up the general health. If you have a chronic sore write us. No charge for medical advice.

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## "PRINTER'S INK"

The National Authority on Newspapers, says in its issue of August 19th: "The Semi-Weekly Deseret News has a higher circulation rating than is accorded to any other paper in Salt Lake City or in the State of Utah."

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## HIGH CLASS DRUGGISTS AND OTHERS.

The better class of druggists, everywhere, are men of scientific attainments and high integrity, who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow men in supplying the best of remedies and purest medicinal agents of known value, in accordance with physicians' prescriptions and scientific formula. Druggists of the better class manufacture many excellent remedies, but always under original or official names and they never sell false brands, or imitation medicines. They are the men to deal with when in need of anything in their line, which usually includes all standard remedies and corresponding adjuncts of a first-class pharmacy and the finest and best of toilet articles and preparations and many useful accessories and remedial appliances. The earning of a fair living, with the satisfaction which arises from a knowledge of the benefits conferred upon their patrons and assistance to the medical profession, is usually their greatest reward for long years of study and many hours of daily toil. They all know that Syrup of Figs is an excellent laxative remedy and that it gives universal satisfaction, and therefore they are selling many millions of bottles annually to the well informed purchasers of the choicest remedies, and they always take pleasure in handing out the genuine article bearing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package. They know that in cases of colds and headaches attended by biliousness and constipation and of weakness or torpidity of the liver and bowels, arising from irregular habits, indigestion, or over-eating, that there is no other remedy so pleasant, prompt and beneficial in its effects as Syrup of Figs, and they are glad to sell it because it gives universal satisfaction.

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